

## Flirting: Doggy Style

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## Flirting: Doggy Style

by [ALPHAwolf](#)

### Summary

Another silly little drabble documenting James's failed attempts to seduce the wayward Slytherin Severus Snape.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

A deathly stench bubbled up through the molasses liquid boiling in their cauldron, James's nose wrinkling in disgust.

7th year Potions. Not his best class, that was for certain, but still his favourite (Quidditch aside). It was his only Slytherin and Gryffindor mixed class this year, and therefore the only lesson he shared with the Potion's prodigy Severus Snape, the unwilling subject of his affections.

He'd spent all break thinking about him. Dreaming about him even, and so he'd sworn to himself that he would make his last year and a half count. He was going to do absolutely everything he could to win the other over, even if he had to obliviate him of all the torment he'd put him through over the years! Though, James had promised Remus he'd only use that as a last resort, as well as agreeing to not use any love potions to influence the Slytherin's feelings. Personally, he thought it was stupid not to, even if it was just a tiny drop here and there to make the other's heart thump when he saw him, but Remus had insisted, saying something about Amortentia needing to be outlawed.

Still, using magic to his advantage in the situation certainly wasn't out of the question, and he

hadn't missed the chance to cast a fixer charm over Slughorn's seating hat, grinning from ear to ear when it was announced that he and Severus would be sharing a cauldron in all their paired tasks. Better yet, Remus and Sirius were located directly behind them, much to the Slytherin's dismay.

They were now almost two week's into the school year. A week and a half, to be precise, not that he was counting the days until he made any progress with Snape, of course. That would be weird. Besides, there was no reason to worry, they were only 11 days in, he had plenty of time to make the Slytherin see his way. The seeds had already been sown, even if Severus had sent all his letters and poems straight back. They had been opened and read, or at least looked like they had, and that was all that mattered. James had even owled him a gift too, a beautiful Pegasus feather quill, but like the letters it was promptly returned.

It was always slightly disheartening, he'd admit, but still James refused to give up. In fact, every time their eyes met and Severus quickly turned away with a flush, or their finger's 'accidentally' brushed when he passed him the next ingredient, the passionate fire in James's heart was rekindled anew.

"Remember class!" Slughorn suddenly announced, standing by the blackboard and pointing to the warning he had written there in bold. "Do not poke your fingers into the potion! Mr Black, I'm looking at you."

James turned to look at the two behind him, watching with amusement as Sirius froze, having been caught just about to pop one of the biggest bubbles in his cauldron. The leather loving delinquent smiled nervously at the teacher and slowly backed his hand away.

The chaser smiled fondly before returning to looking at his own cauldron, which Severus was now pouring a small jug of bat urine into. To be honest, he had absolutely no idea what they were making. They tended to work together best if he just stepped back and let Snape all the work. It wasn't that he particularly wanted to ride the other's good grades, in fact he'd much prefer the other rode him, but whenever he went to help the teen would shoo him away or give him a mediocre task like chopping. Even then he somehow managed to screw that up too.

Severus was now carefully adding spider venom with a dropper, his mouth moving silently as he counted each droplet. There was something... artistic about the way he worked, going from adding to stirring without missing a beat.

The mixture had gone all watery now and became more reflective with each ladle rotation.

James looked back to his friends, this time for moral support as he considered attempting to try starting a conversation with the Slytherin again. Sirius gagged comically while Remus rolled his eyes, giving James an encouraging smile before promptly realizing his potion was boiling over.

The Quidditch captain turned back to his table with a deep breath, ignoring the erupting chaos behind him and casually leaning in a little closer to his partner.

"So, how's the potion?"

"Shh." Severus replied sharply. James was slightly taken aback.

"I'm just ask-"

"Shhh!" He hissed a little harder this time, busy stirring their cauldron and counting each revolution in his head. James pouted but complied, sitting sulkily with his cheek resting against his palm.

Well, at least he knew the two teenage dirtbag's currently fussing about behind them loved him, even if Severus hadn't come around.

Sirius was practically living with him since 'falling out' with his family. They'd spent the entire holidays together. Remus had even been able to stay over for a week, which Sirius had been bouncing off the walls over. James had thought it a slight overreaction at first, though Sirius had always been a bit excitable, but it had made way more sense after he walked into Remus's room one morning to find them both butt naked in the same bed.

He honestly hadn't even been surprised. In fact a lot of unexplained late night noises had suddenly made a lot of sense.

The same morning James had found out about them was incidentally the same day Sirius had intercepted Severus's gift being returned. At first the dog Animagus had assumed it was for Lilly, but then he had begun reading the attached letter. That was the way James had found him, standing in the kitchen staring down at a piece of parchment in abject horror. He had literally gagged in disgust before his best friend swiped it out of his hand.

There had been yelling, and more gagging, but finally Remus had managed to calm the drama twink down. He was still far from okay with the chaser's infatuation (apparently it was 'icky'), and often reminded him so, but he promised that above all they were and always would be best friend, Snivellus or no.

James was momentarily distracted from his musings at the familiar sound of Sirius's 'sexy' growl, a primal vox he knew all too well after sharing a dorm with his now incessantly sexually active roommates (who he wasn't envious of at all by the way).

"Wanna go grab a bite after this?" Sirius asked his lover, miming a suggestively animalistic chomp. Remus chuckled, and James, who knew well they weren't referring to biting or grabbing *food* at all, soured slightly knowing he'd be spending lunch alone. Well, almost alone anyway, Peter was a little distant lately. He probably felt left out, the only straight among them.

"Always." The werewolf replied, continuing to work on their potion even if it was well beyond saving, his finger's intertwined with his lover's under the desk.

James noted the Slytherin's slight inclination towards the happenings behind them and an idea struck.

He tore the pale teen's attention from his friends with a cough.

"Sooo," The Quidditch Captain began, his voice low and seductive, "you wanna go eat together after class?"

Severus didn't even look at him as he quickly returned to his potion making, continuing as if he had never taken notice of the flirting behind.

"Nope."

## End Notes

Ahh another failed attempt! Poor James ain't getting in those robes any time soon.

Btw in this series James is bi, Sev is demi/ace, Remus is pan, Sirius is a gay drama twink, Lilly is still figuring herself out, and Peter is straight as well as slightly homophobic. Always remember kids, a love potion does not equal consent! Hope you liked and remember to Kudos!

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